



WINTER,

O R,

The Smiles of Benevolence.

NOW Winter, with its piercing train
Of fogs and damps, of fleets and rain,
Sharp nipping frost, bleak winds, and drifting snow
What must the poor and needy undergo?

C H O R U S.

Compassion rouse, ye generous, kind, and free,
Assist the poor now in extremity.

Now tender pity she beholds
The poor in want, and pinch'd with cold,
From house to house for bounty now she roams,
And for the poor she brings her blessings home.

For the winter has been so severe,
And every thing so scarce and dear,
A pensive thought must strike the feeling breast,
And rouse compassion to the poor distress'd.

To the city now great praise is due,
For their pious purposes in view,
To aid the poor relief is spread,
Supplies their wants in coals and bread.

And in the out parishes around,
Their bounty's now with honour crown'd,
Bread and coals in price so very high,
At the lowest rates the poor they now supply.

To the needy poor overwhelm'd in grief,
This surely gives a great relief,
For should the bounteous hand withhold
The poor would pine with want and cold.

Collecting now each parish thro',
God bless the givers and givers too,
Reward them for their pious ends,
And give a blessing to their friends.

May heaven on our nation smile,
Praise ye great George to rule the isle,
And guide his counsels with success,
True British glory to possess.

God speed the plough, the loom and sail,
May corn and harvest never fail,
Keep far our foes, and trading may increase,
And conclude the wars with lasting peace.